

THE  
PLEASURES OF ORNITHOLOGY.

A POEM.

By JAMES JENNINGS,

AUTHOR OF ORNITHOLOGIA, &c.

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“The green hills  
Are cloth'd with early blossoms, and the bills  
Of Summer birds sing welcome as YE pass;  
Flowers fresh in hue and many in their class  
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze.”

LORD BYRON'S *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

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To HER, who, midst the world's vicissitudes  
Of Good, of Ill, of Pleasure, and of Pain,  
Hath ever boldly stood, like stedfast rock,  
Amid the strife of ocean ;—HER who still,  
Through years of varied fortune, still unchang'd,  
A faithful friend and comforter remains ;—  
To HER who long, beside the social hearth,  
Hath twin'd of Firmness and of Constancy  
A wreath that ne'er shall perish ; unto HER  
Affectionate, sincere, this *Sylvan Song*  
I consecrate—these PLEASURES of the BIRDS.

J. J.



To ally POETRY to NATURE, to SCIENCE, to TRUTH, and to HUMANITY—to make her a useful handmaiden in the accomplishment of great, good, and important ends,—have been the objects in the present production.

The author having lately published ORNITHOLOGIA, or the BIRDS, a Poem, with an Introduction to their Natural History, and copious Notes, which has been well received as a comprehensive manual, presumes that a SUMMARY, in which a more dignified measure is adopted, and modern terms less sparingly used than in *Ornithologia*, will be agreeable to the ECLECTICS of the Science; and indeed generally to those who have made some proficiency in it; while, at the same time, it is hoped that the Poem itself will not be devoid of interest for the general reader, as much simplicity as seemed consistent with the subject and the style having been introduced.

Some explanatory NOTES are added. Should further information concerning Birds be desired, *Ornithologia* may be consulted, no Bird being alluded to in the following Poem which is not described in that work.

*A few copies of this Poem having been printed and circulated, chiefly among the Author's friends, it has been noticed in a very singular way in the LONDON MAGAZINE: six pages have been occupied in that Journal in displaying the critic's piquancy of remark; whether he meant to commend or discommend the work is difficult to know, as he begins by calling it a "meritorious production," and ends by abusing it. To all candid and useful criticism the author is ever ready to pay the utmost deference, nay, will be greatly obliged by it; but, to the sweeping conclusions of the London Magazine, he can pay no attention.*

September 16, 1828.



THE  
PLEASURES OF ORNITHOLOGY.

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ONCE more of BIRDS—one last—one final strain  
From willing minstrel of the warbler throng,  
Ere yet his Harp be silent ; ere the hand,  
Which freely runs delighted o'er its strings,  
Becomes for ever still : one final strain,  
Or, ere that Time, with soft and stealthy thread,  
Mows down to dust his being ; when for *Him*  
No more shall *Merulid* <sup>(1)</sup> or *Sylviad* <sup>(2)</sup> wake  
With melody the dell ; for *Him* no more  
The lively *Alaudina's* <sup>(3)</sup> song shall float  
Upon the gales of ether ; ere for *Him*  
All on the Earth is finished ; yet once more—  
Once more of Birds—one last—one final strain.

(<sup>1</sup>) *Merulid*, a bird of the THRUSH TRIBE.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Sylviad*, a bird of the WARBLER TRIBE.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Alaudina*, a bird of the LARK TRIBE, but here meant for the *Sky Lark*.



O YE whom silken Pleasure leads along  
In mazy whirl ; YE whom Prosperity  
Bears on her favouring gales that wake for *You*  
Their fitful melody, and in their train  
Too often lead Forgetfulness ; O YE  
Who live unto yourselves, and banish care  
Of others' happiness far, far beyond  
Your dwelling ; YE who often laugh to scorn  
The FEELINGS, while, to torture YE subject  
The *feathered tribes* in sport ; and deem so broad  
Your proud prerogative, that boundaries none  
Hath it, except your *pleasure* or your *will* ;  
That *man* is lord of all, beyond dispute—  
*Without conditions.* YE mistaken ones !  
If yet within your bosom there remain  
The slenderest portion of humanity—  
A trembling sob, for gentle pity's sake—  
Brief audience deign, O listen to my song !

And thou, the godlike Essence ! too, approach,  
BENEVOLENCE ! than whom presides o'er earth  
Aught more divine, more lovely ; effluence thou  
From *Justice* high, immutable and pure,  
And all-pervading ; with thy magic wand  
Of sympathy the cold, the torpid, touch,  
And rouse to active energy their souls ;  
While through the song, benignant ministrress !



Deign thou thy potent spirit to diffuse,—  
And live the Lay shall, nor be sung in vain.

And think YE that the PRINCES of the AIR,  
The warblers of the valley and the wood—  
Only for *man* created?—Think YE they  
Have not a world of happiness their own,  
Of sympathies, of hopes, of pleasures, fears,  
Maugre man's intervention? That for *him*  
They skim the valley—sweep the wavy main—  
Or on her bosom buoyantly preside;—  
For *him*, and only him the *Merulid*  
Awakes the morning with his song; for *him*  
The *Corvid* <sup>(1)</sup> caws; for him *Luscinia's* <sup>(2)</sup> voice  
At midnight heard in all its melody,  
What time the amber clouds o'er ether sail,  
And moon and stars, and all the planet host,  
Deck, too, the deep cerulean?—Think YE now  
It only wakes for *man*? That all the sounds  
Of Birds in wood, in valley, forest, glade,  
The plain, the desert, and the mighty sea;  
On rock remote, on mountain where hath trod

(<sup>1</sup>) *Corvid*, a bird of the CROW TRIBE.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Sylvia luscinia*,  
or the NIGHTINGALE.



Never a human footstep, are for *man*  
 There utter'd—his high pleasure—*man* alone?

O blind to Nature's harmony and truth—  
 Her grand sublimities that ever mock  
 The puerile attempts of labouring art,  
 The puny efforts of the creature *man*!  
 YE arrogant persuaders! that to YOU,  
 Whatever be your *fiat*, good or ill,  
 All, all must bend?

But wherefore thus? Go YE,  
 Peruse the BOOK of NATURE,—ample tome!  
 Which whoso runs may read,—which whoso reads,  
 If with sincerity and seeking truth,  
 Fails not to understand. There pleasures pure  
 Unfold in every page; and there may YE  
 Learn wisdom's priceless lore: there too the true,  
 The beautiful abound, the elegant,  
 The graceful; curve and undulating line;—  
 Variety in all her thousand forms,  
 Teeming with active life.

Much may the BIRDS  
 Instruct you; from the bright yet tiny elf,  
 The *Trochilid*, (¹) to that gigantic shape

(¹) *Trochilid*, a bird of the HUMMING-BIRD TRIBE.



Which soars with sweeping pennon, and proclaims  
 Himself of *Andes* LORD.<sup>(1)</sup> But chief seek YE,  
 If pleasure and sweet sounds be your delight,  
 The tribes to song devoted, when the *Spring*  
 Walks forth in all his splendour, and his woods —  
 His fields, perfum'd by smiling Flora's hand,  
 With strains resound, at once both wild and sweet,  
 Numerous and various too !

Go listen now  
 To many a *Fringillid*,<sup>(2)</sup>—the *Linnet* <sup>(3)</sup> sweet,  
 Or warbling *Redpole* ;<sup>(4)</sup> while the *Goldfinch*, <sup>(5)</sup> he  
 Whose plumage with the tropic warbler's vies,  
 Whose note—exultant cheerfulness itself,  
 Whose downy dome rivals a *Trochilid*'s  
 In beauty, may be heard beneath the elm's  
 Pale umbrage.

Lo ! the mimic melodist  
 The *Black-cap*<sup>(6)</sup>, from some tangled sloe bush trills  
 His varying song : now as some *Merulid*'s—  
 Now as *Luscinian Sylviad*'s <sup>(7)</sup>, aloud

(<sup>1</sup>) *Vultur gryphus*, or CONDOR, the largest of the birds of flight.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Fringillid*, a bird of the FINCH TRIBE.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Fringilla linota*.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Fringilla cannabina*.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Fringilla carduelis*.—(<sup>6</sup>) *Sylvia atricapilla*.—(<sup>7</sup>) *Sylvia luscinia*, or NIGHTINGALE.



His note, and now, in strain original,  
Excites the woods to listen.

Go YE thence,  
At solemn midnight when the woods are still—  
When Zephyr deigns to sleep, and not a sound  
Is heard, save distant watch dog's, or that bird  
Of *Strigid* <sup>(1)</sup> group, dire, ominous once deem'd,  
In her dark ivied ruin, hooting hoarse,  
What time the radiant moon rides o'er the earth  
In glory, and the stars look through fair clouds  
Of fleecy silver, while they slowly glide  
Across the deep blue concave;—go YE then  
To some dark copse, or distant quiet glade,  
And listen to that loud melodious strain  
Of warbling music which along the void  
Of night is borne, and to the astonish'd ear,  
Perchance with echo aiding, such delight  
Pours, as hath ne'er by aught of mortal mould  
Elsewhere been felt; and say YE, if ye can,  
That *he*, of all the sylvians of the grove,  
The *Nightingale*, for *man* attunes his song—  
For only *man*!—That modest bird who shrinks  
From the broad glare of day, in umbrage hides  
Himself, and, rarely seen, beside her nest

(<sup>1</sup>) *Strigid* group, birds of the OWL TRIBE.



Delighted sings to cheer her lonely hours—  
Who broods, or watches o'er her infant throng.

Or, if in garish day YE more delight,  
Go seek the meadow where the bee wild roves,  
And flowers of many hues aroma shed ;  
There shall the *Lark* <sup>(1)</sup> rise from his humble nest,  
And soaring greet, with many a sprightly strain,  
The noontide; still his peans to the day,  
Ascending out of human sight, he sings  
Well pleas'd.

But if the morning be your choice,  
Seek YE the morningtide for Songs of Birds,—  
The early morn, soon as the sun ascends  
His radiant chariot,—who may count the notes  
Heard in the spring-time from the warbler throng?

Lo! how the *Merulids* rejoice! The *Thrush* <sup>(2)</sup>  
Beneath a shady bower, with ivy twin'd,  
Amidst the elm sings cheerily; the while  
Upon her nest, within of stucco wrought,  
Or ligneous plaster, of a buffy hue,  
With eggs black spotted and cerulean ground,  
Listens his speckled dame, who, light of heart,

(1) *Alauda arvensis*, or SKY-LARK.—(2) *Turdus musicus*.



A warble too sends forth. Nor silent sits  
The *Black-bird*<sup>1</sup>, in the spring; he, o'er the rill,  
Amidst some bush of thorny texture wove,  
Remote from prying eyes, from hands profane,  
Pours out his happiness in tuneful song.

The *Bulfinch*<sup>2</sup> too, whose velvet, jetty plumes,  
In contrast set with flamy red intense  
And modest grey, a beauteous bird bespeak,  
His many mimic notes sends o'er the dell,  
Exciting admiration. To the plum's  
Big floral buds—a promised boon of fruit—  
An enemy destructive, lo! he comes,  
Despite of caution and the gardener's care.

Nor are the *Sylviads* silent: their sweet notes  
All possible variety! from tones  
That deeply move the soul, to wildest airs  
Which imitative art at once defy.

(<sup>1</sup>) *Turdus merula*.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Loxia pyrrhula*. This bird is a very excellent imitator of musical sounds. The author has lately seen a very fine bulfinch, which has been long an inmate of a fashionable family at the west end of the town; it is their travelling companion, and appears to suffer no inconvenience by the transition from town to the country, or *vice versâ*. Besides its powers of song, which are good, it has some singular predilections and dislikes. To a gentleman, a visitor and occasional



The *Red-breast* <sup>(1)</sup> now, perennial warbler sweet !  
To mossy bank, to garden, and to grove,  
To wood, to man—a welcome visitant,  
Invokes the spring in loud and cheerful note.  
Nor is the *Wren* <sup>(2)</sup> amid the throng unheard :  
That tiny *Sylviad*, who a curious dome  
Fashions with verdant moss, and entrance round  
Of nicest intertexture ; and it deems  
Secure amidst an ivied canopy ;  
Or else, beneath some cottage eaves attach'd,  
Presuming the protective power of man.

Go now to yonder wall of sombre green,  
For birds meet shelter—ever-verdant box,

inmate of the family, he is peculiarly attentive and gracious, evincing his fondness by gently pecking his face and playing with his hair ; towards the same gentleman's lady he evinces very decided signs of displeasure at her approach, by raising his feathers, and otherwise expressing his uneasiness.

Although it has been conjectured that this bird, in attacking the blossom buds of the plum, seeks for worms, I have been lately informed that there is good reason for believing it does attack the *buds themselves*, and not for the worms. This circumstance deserves investigation.

<sup>(1)</sup> *Sylvia rubecula*, one of the few birds which sing in this country at almost every season of the year.—<sup>(2)</sup> *Sylvia troglodytes*.



That to the breath of Zephyr undulates ;  
And from rude blasts a kind protection yields  
To many a tender flower,—the garden's pride.  
In vest of humble brown, YE may behold  
A gentle *Sylviad* cowering o'er her nest  
Of simple neatness—eggs of fairest blue.  
The while her mate, on yonder pensile bough,  
His matin song preludes ; what need to name  
The *Hedge-Sparrow*,<sup>(1)</sup> bird well known and save by boys  
Rapacious, rarely touched by tyrant man ?

But see ! a *spoiler* comes, without whose note  
No spring would seem ; nor would the maiden rove,  
In May-time pleas'd, the solitary dell,  
Without that well-known note, although with him  
Who all her soul commands,—associate power  
Of Nature ! Yes, a note that with delight  
The morning wakes, as from the lofty elm  
The *Cuckoo*<sup>(2)</sup> sends the monotone. Yet he,  
Polygamous, ne'er knows what pleasures wait  
On pure monogamy ; nor doth his slave  
A domicile prepare her callow brood  
To nurture, but, with occupancy rude,

(<sup>1</sup>) *Sylvia modularis*.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Cuculus canorus*.



The hedge-sparrow's peace invades, and leaves an egg  
To be by her protected. This were well  
Did not destruction wait around her dome :  
Scarce stirs with life the stranger, ere he thrusts  
*Her* offspring forth—their death concludes the scene !

From *Sylviads*, *Alaudinas*, pass YE now ;  
From *Merulids*,—the whole *Insessor* <sup>(1)</sup> tribe,  
To some important groups that freely range  
The mountain, wood, the forest, or the plain ;  
Whom Snowdon and the Alps, and Andes greet  
As welcome lords of desolate domain ;  
Whom sea, whom desert hears ; whom distant isle  
Acknowledges companions ; where no voice,  
Save of the winds, or ocean's angry roar,  
Disturbs their dwelling, their secure abode :  
The tall *Grallator*, <sup>(2)</sup> and the *Raptor* <sup>(3)</sup> fierce ;  
Hence to domestic *Rasors* <sup>(4)</sup>, that to man  
Subjected and his rule, caprice, or sport,  
Or better pleasure, their abundance yield,  
Whether of eggs nutritious, or of food  
Fibrous and firm ;—or proud *Natators* <sup>(5)</sup>, they

(<sup>1</sup>) *Insessor* tribe, PERCHING BIRDS.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Grallator*, a WADING-BIRD.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Raptor*, a RAPACIOUS BIRD.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Rasors*, birds which obtain their food by *scratching* the ground.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Natators*, SWIMMING BIRDS.



Who, buffeting the wave, on ocean sail,  
 Or, on the floods of Thames or Severn, glide,  
 Or more secluded waters, where they reign  
 Lords of the element, and sportive dive,  
 Or seek the finny tribe, aquatic worm.  
 The race *Anatid*,<sup>(1)</sup> too, whose snowy down,  
 Or plumage, proffers man serene repose,  
 Where no indulgent luxury abounds,  
 Will e'er attentive observation claim.  
 Nor less the active *Rasors*; whether they  
 Before the grange or in the woodlands stalk  
 —A *Phasianid* <sup>(2)</sup> group of various hue,—  
 Obediently to many a chanticleer,  
 That wakes the morning with responding notes,  
 And bids stout labour from his homely couch  
 Rise e'er the sun gladdens the eastern hills.  
 The *Tetraonids*, <sup>(3)</sup> too, prolific tribe,  
 Shall yield no mean excitement—"Giant Grouse,"<sup>(4)</sup>  
 The *Partridge*, <sup>(5)</sup> *Ptarmigan*, <sup>(6)</sup> the *Heath-cock*, <sup>(7)</sup>  
*Quail*.<sup>(8)</sup>

(<sup>1</sup>) *Race anatid*, birds of the DUCK TRIBE, including the GOOSE, SWAN, &c.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Phasianid group*, birds of the PHEASANT TRIBE, including not only PHEASANTS, but also the common COCK and HEN.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Tetraonids*, birds of the PARTRIDGE, GROUSE, and TINAMOU TRIBE.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Tetrao urogallus*.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Tetrao perdix*.—(<sup>6</sup>) *Tetrao lagopus*.—(<sup>7</sup>) *Tetrao tetrix*.—(<sup>8</sup>) *Tetrao coturnix*.



What time *Columbids*<sup>(1)</sup> buoyant o'er the fields,  
Or urged by speed, as messengers, shall fly.

O YE who, in the smoky city, toil,  
Denied the mountain's lofty height to tread,  
Denied the breezes of the ocean shore,  
Yet wisely seek occasional relief,  
Or kind retirement from the eternal din—  
Collision of the crowd; who to some dell  
Where runs the rivulet, where warble birds,  
Or, o'er the breezy hills of *Hampstead* hie,  
To *Sydenham's* cool shades, or *Wood of Penge*,  
The warblers' free domain; how blest the change!  
How renovating! But, neglecting these,  
The simplest, purest pleasures which abound  
Amid fair Nature's fields, if YE adopt  
SPORT for your pleasure,—SPORT with sentient life—  
SPORT with “the quivering fibre”—*Bird or Beast*—  
Unhallowed ever will that pleasure be,  
And calm reflection wound you with her sting.<sup>(2)</sup>

(<sup>1</sup>) *Columbids*, birds of the PIGEON TRIBE.

(<sup>2</sup>) The sport of shooting at Pigeons, it is to be regretted, a very favourite one in and around the metropolis, and generally, the sport of shooting at Birds have been treated so much at large in my *Ornithologia* that there does not appear any necessity for saying more concerning them here.



Nor may we here forget that *Cygnine* <sup>(1)</sup> group,  
White as the fairest snow, and proud of port,  
With neck of graceful arch ; domestic some,  
Yet more in hyperborean climes abide,  
Free as the air of heaven to wander wild,  
And greet, though rarely, our south brumal sun.  
Say YE aberrant, for YE have, perchance,  
On marge of inland lake—the sea's wild shore,  
Sought out some guiltless victim and from tube,  
Fraught with destruction, sent the thunder forth,—  
Say, heard YE e'er a melancholy wail ;  
Have not some plaintive notes assail'd your ear,  
As out the life-blood flow'd—the plumage stain'd,  
Which memory never, never may forget ?

And deem YE that the *Raptors*, too, for *man*,  
Pursue their course mid paths of upper air —  
From Alp to distant Alp or Andes soar—  
Or stooping, snatch the all unconscious lamb,—  
That to the eyrie *Hannah Lamond's bairn* <sup>(2)</sup>  
Was borne to prove a mother's agony,  
And triumph ?—Else why urge your lofty claim ?

<sup>(1)</sup> *Cygnine group*, birds of the SWAN TRIBE.

<sup>(2)</sup> See a finely wrought up story on this subject in Black-wood's Magazine for October, 1826.



Now go YE to the groups *migration* sends  
 On errands o'er the earth ; for pleasure some,  
 But more important functions stimulate—  
 Chief *Incubation*, and the sequent care  
 To rear the tender offspring ; others rove  
 In quest of food, or of more genial skies ;  
 Some in wild troops arrive ; but more, in spring,  
 Alone come unobserv'd, until their songs  
 Proclaim their presence in the budding wood.  
 The *Cuckoo*,<sup>(1)</sup> *Nightingale*, shall ever please  
 The messengers of May ;—while others lift  
 Their voices in the meadow or the dell,  
 Or on the mountain ; chief the *Sylviad* tribe :  
 The gentle *Willow-wren*<sup>(2)</sup>—the *Petty-Chaps*,<sup>(3)</sup>  
 Whose note *Luscinia*'s rival, and a crowd  
 Of *Warblers*, whom go seek YE in the wood.  
 The *Golden Galbule*,<sup>(4)</sup> too, that *Orioline*,<sup>(5)</sup>

(<sup>1</sup>) It has been lately stated in the public papers that a *Cuckoo* has been kept in a healthy state in a cage during the last winter at Goring, near Worthing, and that in the spring of the present year (1828) it poured forth its well known note. The only instance it is believed of a *Cuckoo* having been kept through the winter in this country.

(<sup>2</sup>) *Sylvia trochilus*.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Sylvia hortensis*, or GREATER PETTY-CHAPS.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Oriolu galbula*, or GOLDEN ORIOLE ;  
 (<sup>5</sup>) *Orioline* is, of course, a bird of the ORIOLE TRIBE.



Bright in his elegance, amid our shades,  
Occasionally wanders when the sun  
Rides in his summer glory and invites  
The birds to follow from the fervid south.  
The swift *Hirundinids* <sup>(1)</sup> of twittering note,  
Shall come to greet your dwellings, while the *Rail* <sup>(2)</sup>  
The *Caprimulgid* <sup>(3)</sup> with his humming wheel,  
Shall aid to fill the group and crown the spring.

But now the hollow blasts of autumn rise ;  
The sun no more his calorific ray  
Intense pours o'er the fields, and night, cold night,  
Transforms to frost-work crystalline the dew ;  
Our summer guests of melody are gone ;  
Others on wing to go ; of these the chief  
Are *Swallows* who, a seeming conference  
Or council hold, till on some favouring breeze  
They upward soar, and southward wing their way.

As frown the brumal heralds, lo ! they come,  
From hyperborean, Scandinavian climes,  
A far more hardy and enduring race,  
Surcharg'd their plumage with a mucous oil ;  
Well cloath'd to cope with tempest and with sea,

(<sup>1</sup>) *Hirundinids*, birds of the SWALLOW TRIBE.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Rallus crex*.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Caprimulgus Europæus*, or GOAT-SUCKER.



On the ice-cliff they citadels erect ;<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Now for support and shelter in the south  
 Come the *Anatid*, *Cygnine*, *Alcad*, <sup>(2)</sup> groups ;  
 The *Scolopacids* <sup>(3)</sup> too ;—the *Woodcock*<sup>(+)</sup>—*Snipe*<sup>(5)</sup>—  
 Innumerable more *Grallators* ;—*Merulids* <sup>(6)</sup>  
 Also retreat before benumbing frost  
 And strew our fields with life, what time the snow  
 A fleecy mantle drops upon the earth,  
 Till, winter pass'd, they flee again away,  
 Rejoicing in the summer of the north.

Still on your patience may the song intrude ?  
 Still will YE listen to the musing strain  
 Of one who would your better judgment aid,

<sup>(1)</sup> It is a singular, yet authenticated fact, that some sea-birds make icebergs their retreat in tempestuous weather, sleep there, and there too occasionally hatch their young !

<sup>(2)</sup> *Alcad* group, birds of the AUK TRIBE.—<sup>(3)</sup> *Scolopacids*, birds of the SNIPE TRIBE.—<sup>(4)</sup> *Scolopax rusticola*.—<sup>(5)</sup> *Scolopax gallinago*, or COMMON SNIPE.—<sup>(6)</sup> *Merulids* : as the *Turdus pilaris*, or FIELDFARE, and the REDWING, *Turdus iliacus*. This last bird sings, it is said, in the breeding season, in Norway and Sweden, equal to the SONG-THRUSH of this country ; indeed, a Friend, at Trowbridge, (J. N. C. esq.,) informs me that the Redwing occasionally sings in this country before its departure in the spring. See the end of the Poem.



And win you with all kindness, as for those  
 Who cannot for themselves your court address—  
 A counsel he to plead their righteous cause?  
 And, oh, were he more able!

Where is BOWLES<sup>(1)</sup>—

The feeling and the tender, he who well,  
 On *Cantian* cliffs, to *Matlock* tunes his reed;  
 Or, of the *Captive* in the narrow cell  
 “From life and light shut out,” such thought excites  
 As prompts benevolence to active deeds?  
 Where SOUTHEY! Thou, who erst of freedom sang’st,  
 And with a dash of thy astounding plume,  
 Mad’st quail the proud oppressor?—Where art *Thou*,  
 MOORE of the Lyre melodious?—COLERIDGE! where?

(<sup>1</sup>) Mr. BOWLES has been lately most praiseworthily engaged in endeavouring to obtain the mitigation of a very severe sentence passed on a female, for stealing from her master, a magistrate, some china of the value of a few shillings. She was tried at the sessions at Marlborough and sentenced to two year’s imprisonment, one half of which she was to be in solitary confinement! Such sentences as these, so far from being calculated to amend the offender or prevent crime, tend only to excite disgust at their inhumanity, and pity for the sufferer. When will men learn the best mode of correcting our moral aberrations?



*Thou*, who in mystic musings seek'st delight,  
 Or warblest for the "wretched" such high song  
 As ever in the vallies of the earth  
 Shall echo?—Hither haste, ye potent **BARDS** !  
 Ye masters of the soul—of love, of truth,  
 Lest such an humble advocate should fail  
 How just soe'er the question !

Turn **YE** now

Where glows with fiercer ray the *Tropic* sun—  
 Where vegetation her profusion pours  
 From ample cornucopia, and invites  
 All animate creation to partake.  
 Nor slow the **BIRDS** to accept the proffer'd boon—  
 A rich repast of berries or of fruit—  
 From Palm or Pine, the *Coco's* laden arms—  
 Or **INDIAN FIG\***, the glory of the East.  
 The sea too yields her store ; and many an egg  
 Of Crocodile or Tortoise from the sand  
 Evolves the *Vulturid* <sup>(1)</sup> then holds his feast.

Here too in music the wild woods abound,  
 Despite of *Caprimulgid's* <sup>(2)</sup> grating note,

\* *Ficus Indica*, or **BANYAN-TREE**.

<sup>(1)</sup> *Vulturid*, a bird of the **VULTURE TRIBE**.—<sup>(2)</sup> *Caprimulgid*,  
 a bird of the **GOAT-SUCKER TRIBE**.



Of *Psittacid's* <sup>(1)</sup> or *Picid's* scream what time,  
 The days of tempest o'er, adorn'd with smiles,  
 Flora and Ceres in their garlands dance,  
 Strewing their odours to the passing breeze.  
 Go listen to the throng; and chief to *him*  
 In plumage plain, the *Mimic Merulid*, <sup>(2)</sup>  
 He who hath all the *Sylviads'* songs by heart—  
 All notes melodious and all dissonance  
 Ever at ready beck, as he may list;  
 Still, through the live long night, he sings his own,  
 Lively yet soothing, rapturous yet sweet.

Now hie YE to some quiet, sombre shade—  
 And if at *eve*, when sad the day hath been,  
 And rain descending bathes the earth with showers,  
 Most favourable time YE choose to hear  
 The *Wood-Thrush* <sup>(3)</sup> warble his melodious lay.

Nor cease the active *Fringillids* to greet  
 The woods, the dales, with music; chief of these  
 Of graceful form and robes of citrine hue,  
 With intertexture elegant of grey,

<sup>(1)</sup> *Psittacid*, a bird of the PARROT TRIBE.—<sup>(2)</sup> *Turdus polyglottus*, or MOCKING-BIRD.—<sup>(3)</sup> *Turdus melodus*.



The *Bird* to *Afric* <sup>(1)</sup>, *Islands Fortunate* <sup>(2)</sup>,  
To that *Atlantic Rock* <sup>(3)</sup> indigenous,  
Which proudly lifts its front amid the waves  
The storm defying; on whose bosom rests  
What once possess'd a spirit that could stir  
The nations with a breath, and, in career  
Of haste, too oft with desolation arm'd,  
Swept as a whirlwind; now he silent lies,  
The terror once of Europe—of the World—  
Whose life a lesson which the world should learn:  
He unto whom both Emperors and Kings  
Paid homage, now on that volcanic rock  
The VICTIM OF AMBITION <sup>(4)</sup> silent lies,  
Dissolving to his pristine elements;  
While o'er his lonely grave the willows bend,  
As if in sadness, and the sprightly song  
Of vagrant bird is heard upon the spray,  
Heedless a mighty conqueror rests below:  
That bird a denizen of these warm climes,  
Of song at once both loud and passing sweet;  
Whether his native notes your audience claim,  
Or, by domestic education taught,  
The *Alaudina's* and the *Sylviad's* voice  
Mingles with strains melodious, wild, and new.

(<sup>1</sup>) *Fringilla Canaria*, or CANARY BIRD.—(<sup>2</sup>) *The Canary Islands*, so called.—(<sup>3</sup>) *St. Helena*.—(<sup>4</sup>) NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.



Hence hie YE where the broad La Plata rolls  
 His giant tide ; or to the fertile banks  
 Of his huge tributaries—Paraguay,  
 Parana, where on Nature's ample board  
 Plenty pours rich oblations ; and the birds,  
 Of wood, of meadow, and of mountain, lords,  
 Riot in all the luxuries of song.  
 There listen to that sweet *Xanthorean's* <sup>(1)</sup> strain,  
 Who, when in Northern climes beyond the reign  
 Of Cancer, finds abode, the accustomed song,  
 By time, not season, prompted, still he sings,  
 Greeting the winter with his warbling lay.

Many the *Oriolinas'* <sup>(\*)</sup> melodies ;  
 But chief the *Niger*, <sup>(3)</sup> *Nidipenduline*, <sup>(4)</sup>  
 Your ear demand. Well too observe their *domes*  
 Wrought with consummate skill, and nicely attach'd,  
 Yet firmly, to some slight depending spray ;  
 Buoyant they wave to every breeze, secure  
 From wily serpent and the *Simia* tribe.

<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>(1)</sup> *Fringilla xanthorea*. This bird is described by PRINCE  
 CHARLES BUONAPARTE, in the *Journal of the Academy of Natu-  
 ral Sciences of Philadelphia*, vol. iv., part 2. See also ORNI-  
 THOLOGIA, page 253. — <sup>(\*)</sup> *Oriolinas*, birds of the ORIOLE  
 TRIBE. — <sup>(3)</sup> *Oriolus niger*, or BLACK ORIOLE.—<sup>(4)</sup> *Oriolus  
 nidipendulus*, or HANGNEST ORIOLE.



Their plumage too, of vivid tints behold—  
 Rich as some eastern monarch's flowing robe,  
 When he his princes meets in high Divan ;  
 Bright as the brilliants which adorn his brow.

Nor will the *Tanagrinas*' (<sup>1</sup>) social group  
 Their harmony neglect ; the *Sylviads*, too,  
 Exult in pride of plumage and of song :  
 The *Babbler*, (<sup>2</sup>) restless mimic, others' notes  
 With noisiness attempts ; the *Pensilis*, (<sup>3</sup>)  
 Wrapt in a robe of beauty, tunes his reed  
 To delicate, perennial song, the while  
 Within her myrtle bower his cheerful mate  
 Responds in modest note ; or in her nest,  
 That wantons in the breeze, she smiling sits  
 Sipping the silent stream of deep delight.  
 Of *Wrens*, go listen to the group that rouse  
 Indifference from his trance ;—the *Ruby-crown'd* (<sup>4</sup>)  
 Of various note ;—the *Caroline* (<sup>4</sup>) whose voice  
 Vies with the Nightingale's, whose nest globose  
 On reedy columns plac'd, a strange support,  
 Invites the eye of wonder oft to gaze.

Still further would YE of the warbler train  
 Your search pursue ? In far Columbian climes

(<sup>1</sup>) *Tanagrinas*, birds of the TANAGER TRIBE.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Sylvia curruca*, or BAEBLING WARBLER.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Sylvia pensilis*, or PEN-SILE WARBLER.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Sylvia calendula*, or CAROLINE WREN.



The *Blue-bird* <sup>(1)</sup> that domestic *Sylviad*, he  
Whom youth, whom age, whom infancy, respects,  
Affords sincere delight what time the spring  
He with his gentle melodies awakes.  
And is there aught more soothing or more sweet  
Than song of Bird upon some buoyant spray ?

Go YE of Art the various music seek,—  
The organ pealing from the gothic dome—  
The din of instruments, and many a voice  
That trills, amidst some gorgeous theatre,  
Italian airs of difficult command,  
At midnight; or to City concert hie,  
Where mingled are the sounds of trumpet, drum,  
The viol, and the harp; and there partake,  
If so YE may, of Pleasure's splendid feast;  
Whilst I, in daytime, eve, or early morn,  
With one fair gentle spirit, will away  
And hide me in some distant woodland dell,  
Where gushing waters from the rock descend,  
And listen to the songs of Nature's Birds;  
Or, at the midnight hour, with quiet steal,—  
For midnight hath her charms where quiet dwells,—  
And listen to the Nightingale, apart  
From all the turmoil of the world; or meet  
Kind Contemplation in the starry vault.

(1) *Sylvia sialis*.



From music go YE, and contemplate now  
 The many-tinted robes intense and bright  
 That mock description in the various tribes;  
 Where colour vies with colour—*red* with *green*—  
*Crimson* with *black*—the *purple* with the *blue*—  
*Yellow* with *orange*—*dove* with fairest *white*,  
 Apart, or else, by intermixture nice,  
 A thousand shades producing such as ne'er  
 By art was pictur'd, or by fancy wrought :  
 What need to name the *Peacock's* <sup>(1)</sup> splendid plumes,  
 The *Pheasant's* <sup>(2)</sup> green and gold ; the orange tints  
 Of *Manakin* ; <sup>(3)</sup> the glossy black and green  
 Of *Promerops* <sup>(4)</sup> superb—the brilliant dyes  
 Which proudly *Birds of Paradise* <sup>(5)</sup> bedeck !

Behold the groups of *Psittacids* <sup>(6)</sup> that climb  
 The palm, or on the coco's branches swing,  
 As gay as garrulous ;—the *Picids* <sup>(7)</sup> too,  
 With ivory beak of elegance, yet strength  
 To pierce the hollow bole with echoing strokes  
 That through the forest ring, and thence obtain

(<sup>1</sup>) *Pavo cristatus*.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Phasianus Colchicus*, or COMMON PHEASANT.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Pipra rupicola*, or COCK OF THE ROCK.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Upupa superba*, or GRAND PROMEROPS.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Paradisea apoda*, or GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE.—(<sup>6</sup>) *Psittacids*, birds of the PARROT TRIBE.—(<sup>7</sup>) *Picids*, birds of the WOODPECKER TRIBE ; the allusion in the text applies to *Picus principalis*, or IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.



The insidious worm, scooping a nest secure  
From numerous enemies.

The *Trochilids*, <sup>(1)</sup>

*Tenuirostres*, <sup>(2)</sup> bright and on the wing  
E'er humming shall awhile your care engross ;—  
Their nests consummate neatness ; and their eggs  
Tiny, rotund, and white without a stain ;  
With delicacy mix'd, their plumage glows  
In all the colours of the irid arch,  
Combin'd in shadows of innumerable hues  
Intense or faint, yet ever beautiful.

Again : think YE the aberrant *Orioline*, <sup>(3)</sup>  
Whom have Columbia's sons the *Cowpen* <sup>(3)</sup> nam'd—  
For *Man* becomes a vagrant, nor provides  
Or house or home, nor knows domestic bliss ;—  
From nest to nest of other birds she roves  
Her eggs depositing, nor ever cares  
One moment for them or her callow sons ?

Thence, midst the *Nectariniad* <sup>(4)</sup> groups, go search  
The spicy gardens of the gorgeous East—  
In Hindoostan—beneath the tropic sun—  
Or in those myriad isles that stud the seas,

<sup>(1)</sup> *Trochilids*, or birds of the HUMMING-BIRD TRIBE.—

<sup>(2)</sup> *Tenuirostres*, birds with SLENDER BILLS.—<sup>(3)</sup> *Oriolus pe-*  
*coris*, the COWPEN ORIOLE, COWPEN, or COW-BUNTING.—

<sup>(4)</sup> *Nectariniad* groups, birds of the HONEY-EATING TRIBE.



To whom broad Ganges ever tribute yields ;—  
 Go and behold the splendid *Cinnyrids* <sup>(1)</sup>  
 That flutter o'er the many-tinted flower  
 Its nectar stealing, while their wings they bathe  
 In odours exquisite, which to the breeze  
 They prodigally scatter as they rove.

Hence, inquisition midst the forest glades  
 Of dangerous *Africa* shall yield delight,  
 If, with security, YE there might rove :  
 There pipe the *Fringillids*, there *Sylviads* sing—  
 Brightness their plumes, and melody their lays.  
 There, too, the *Red Flamingo* <sup>(2)</sup> on the marge  
 Of lake or river stalks, *Grallator* tall,  
 Whom superstition worships : there his note—  
*Guide* to delicious *honey* <sup>(3)</sup>—wild bees' nest,  
 With high delight the roving savage hears.  
 The *Ibis* <sup>(4)</sup> too, the serpent's enemy,  
 O'er Egypt's Delta keeps a watchful eye  
 What time approach the Locusts. There abound  
*Hérons* and *Cranes*—huge some, and some minute :  
 The *Egret* <sup>(5)</sup>, *Adjutant* <sup>(6)</sup>, and *Demoiselle* <sup>(7)</sup>,

(<sup>1</sup>) *Cinnyrids*, birds of the CINNYRIS or SUN-BIRD TRIBE.—  
 (<sup>2</sup>) *Phœnicopterus ruber*.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Cuculus indicator*, or HONEY-GUIDE  
 CUCKOO.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Tantalus ibis*.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Ardea garzetta*, or LITTLE  
 EGRET.—(<sup>6</sup>) *Ardea gigantea*, or BONE-TAKER, whose wings  
 expand almost fifteen feet.—(<sup>7</sup>) *Ardea virgo*, or DANCING-  
 CRANE.



Whose attitudes much elegance display.  
 There too, indigenous, that *Textor* <sup>(1)</sup> bird,  
 Who oft, in his captivity, hath wrought,  
 With chosen filaments, consummate skill,  
 Rich fabrics of unrivalled bombycine.

In fine, go search on Afric's thirsty sands,  
 That *Struthionid* <sup>(2)</sup> tall, of all earth's birds  
 The biggest, him whose fair and snowy plumes  
 Bedeck our brightest beauties; thence seek YE,  
 Of helmet pride, the *Emeu* of the *East*, <sup>(3)</sup>  
 The *Rhea* of the *West*; <sup>(4)</sup> or *him* <sup>(5)</sup> who roves  
 The wild Australian plain, and, fleet of foot,  
 Flies fast before the hunters; all evince,  
 As o'er the earth they skim, yet scarcely touch,  
 Speed without flight—our admiration win.

(<sup>1</sup>) *Emberiza textrix*, or WEAVER-BUNTING. The habits of this bird are very little known; more information concerning them is every way desirable; its nest is, in all probability, a very curious one.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Struthionid*, a bird of the OSTRICH TRIBE. The particular one here alluded to, the *Struthio camelus*, BLACK or AFRICAN OSTRICH.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Struthio casuarius*, or CASSOWARY.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Struthio rhea*, or AMERICAN OSTRICH.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Struthio Novæ Hollandiæ*, or NEW HOLLAND CASSOWARY. The DODO, *Didus* (LINN.), is arranged also under STRUTHIO, which Dr. LATHAM has made an order consisting of four genera, of which the Dodo is one. But although there is no doubt that such birds as Dodos have existed, (see *Ornithologia*, page 383,) yet, by the latest researches, (see *Zoological Journal*,) they are not now to be found at the Mauritius, where they formerly inhabited; nor have they been heard of elsewhere.



From habit, manner, song, to *structure* pass  
 Of nicest adaption, what their wants,  
 Necessities, existence, may require.  
 Behold their BEAKS how multiform and long,  
 Or short, or bent, or straight, or narrow, broad :  
 Compress'd as some of *Alcad* group, in shape,  
 Rude likeness of a *Razor*,—*Bucerids'*,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 With ridge of horn protuberant and huge.  
 The *Conirostres'* <sup>(2)</sup> fitted well the shell  
 Of seeds to crush ; the *Raptors'* piercing hook  
 To hold or rend ; *Grallators'* often long  
 To probe, to pierce, for many a hidden worm : —  
 The *Anatids'* broad, indented ; — *Fissirosts'* <sup>(3)</sup>  
 With ample gape which, while upon the wing,  
 Its prey with ease ingulphs. Some pointed, sharp  
 To wound the worm or pierce the mucous snail.  
*Tenuirosts'* <sup>(4)</sup> that draw from many a flower  
 The juice mellifluous with missile tongue.  
 Even *Platalea* <sup>(5)</sup> with her rostral spoon—  
*Ramphastos* <sup>(6)</sup> hissing with his mask grotesque,  
 And *Loxia curvirostra* <sup>(7)</sup> will evince  
 That best adapted are the beaks for each.

From *Head* to *Feet* go YE.—What wonder still,  
 What wisdom ! The *Insessors* with long claws

(1) *Bucerids*, birds of the HORN-BILL TRIBE.—(2) *Conirostres*, birds with CONIC BILLS.—(3) *Fissirosts*, birds with NOTCHED OR GROOVED BILLS.—(4) *Tenuirosts*, birds with SLENDER BILLS.—(5) *Platalea*, SPOON-BILL ; particularly *Platalea leucorodia*.—(6) *Ramphastos*, TOUCAN.—(7) *Loxia curvirostra*, or CROSS-BILL.



That grasping, hold secure the topmast spray,  
 And to the passing breeze all buoyant dance ;—  
 The *Grallatores* <sup>(1)</sup> who with cloven feet  
 And length of leg deep wade; or *Raptors* they,  
 Whose talons strong, incurv'd and piercing, hold  
 Whate'er they seize and to the eyrie bear ;  
 While by the *Rasor's* well-adapted feet  
 Forth from his hiding place is drawn the worm.  
 As sail the *Natatores* <sup>(2)</sup> on the wave,  
 Their paddles membranous, lo ! how they ply  
 And speed along ; or, if *Colymbid* <sup>(3)</sup> race,  
 Dive with agility, and long beneath,  
 For pleasure or security remain.  
 Even flamy *Phænicopterus* <sup>(4)</sup> whose length  
 Of leg, of neck, seems disproportionate  
 To trunk so small, is still what he should be—  
 Well fashioned for his functions.

Hence go YE

Inspect their various *Feathers* form'd at once  
 For use and beauty—light and fitted well—  
 The *pennon* plumes to press the elastic air,  
 And on impel the buoyant bird ; to steer

(<sup>1</sup>) *Grallatores*, WADING BIRDS.—(<sup>2</sup>) *Natatores*, SWIMMING BIRDS. — (<sup>3</sup>) *Colymbid* race, birds of the DIVER TRIBE.—  
 (<sup>4</sup>) *Phænicopterus ruber*, or RED FLAMINGO.



The *Rectrices*; <sup>(1)</sup> the *Tectrices* <sup>(2)</sup> to shield;  
 All harmonise together and display  
 Of elegance their undulating curves.

To osseous structure singular go thence:  
 The *sternum*, <sup>(3)</sup> with *Carina* <sup>(4)</sup> high and long  
 To hold the muscles of the active wing;  
 Where *medulla* of *mammals* flows, in birds,  
 Is air; while through the hollow trunk extend  
 Vessels which that elastic fluid hold  
 To raise, depress, at will, the buoyant whole.

The *Gastric* apparatus now invite  
 Your deep attention. First, the *Ingluvies*' <sup>(5)</sup> note—  
 Primal recipient where each substance finds  
 Its proper pre-concoction; next observe  
 The *Proventriculus*, <sup>(6)</sup> of many shapes

<sup>(1)</sup> *Rectrices*. The quill feathers of the tail, which serve as a rudder to direct the flight of the bird.—<sup>(2)</sup> *Tectrices*. The small feathers which cover the bird, and of course protect it.—<sup>(3)</sup> *Sternum*. The breast bone.—<sup>(4)</sup> *Carina*. The keel, or projection of the sternum, designed doubtless for the attachment of powerful muscles in those birds which fly. The Ostrich, not flying, has no carina in the *sternum*.—<sup>(5)</sup> *Ingluvies*. The crop.—<sup>(6)</sup> *Proventriculus*. The upper entrance to the gizzard in birds; it is of various shapes in different birds; in it are numerous glands which secrete a liquor that appears analogous to the gastric juice of the mammalian tribes.



In different birds, to each adapted well,  
 Whose numerous glands a potent juice secrete  
 That pour'd into the *Bulbous Ventricle* <sup>(1)</sup>—  
 Where many a pebble rolls to comminute  
 The hard, the grainy food,—concocts the chyle.  
*Pulmonic* structure too your care demands :  
 In birds of race *Colymbid* small the lungs—  
 The liver large, so that the sanguine stream,  
 Without the intervention of the air,  
 Becomes decarbonis'd. <sup>(2)</sup>

Of *Oviduct*,  
 Of *Egg* the wondrous structure now peruse ;  
 But chief the evolution of the *Chick*—  
 How with appendage horny <sup>(3)</sup> he effects

(<sup>1</sup>) The *Gizzard*, called by some Naturalists *Ventriculus bulbosus*, from its shape and structure, its sides consisting of thick and strong muscles. In birds, however, whose food is animal, this strong muscular structure of the stomach is less conspicuous, or in great measure absent.

(<sup>2</sup>) This fact is a very remarkable one. Anatomists, however, begin to turn their attention to, and endeavour to ascertain, the real functions of the liver, not only in *birds*, but also in the *mammalia* ; there seems much reason for presuming that the liver performs one or more important offices besides that of secreting the bile, which it is known to do ; one of the offices is probably that of separating carbon from the blood.

(<sup>3</sup>) See Mr. YARRELL'S Paper on this curious subject in the second volume of the *Zoological Journal* ; or my *Ornithologia*, page 63.



His curious perforations till, at length,  
 He bursts his walls calcareous and is free.  
 Nor pass YE o'er that nice *Trachea* (<sup>1</sup>) form'd  
 For sounds most exquisite. But wherefore dwell  
 On such confessed wonder and design ?

Once more. Go seek YE in their various NESTS  
 Much pleasure and much wisdom. Who shall cope  
 With Birds in Architecture ? Not nice skill  
 Of man's most practis'd hand ; not all the lore  
 Of Sages. Who can form the *Trochilid's* (<sup>2</sup>)  
 Soft dome with rim within ;—the *Wren's* (<sup>3</sup>) globose  
 Of mossy green ;—the tiny *Titmouse's* (<sup>4</sup>)  
 With plumes full fill'd ; the *Sylviad sutor's*, (<sup>5</sup>) he  
 Who first taught man, perchance, to ply, with art,  
 The useful needle ? *Swallow's esculent* (<sup>6</sup>)

(<sup>1</sup>) I take the present opportunity of observing that Mr. YARRELL, the gentleman mentioned in the preceding note, has a curious collection of preserved specimens of the *Trachea* of birds as well as many other Ornithological curiosities, among which, his specimens of *Eggs* are not the least important : the whole an evidence of his extensive knowledge of the science and of his zeal in its pursuit.

(<sup>2</sup>) A *Humming bird* mentioned in Waterton's *Wanderings* in South America. The scientific *specific* name not known. See *Ornithologia*, page 81.—(<sup>3</sup>) *Sylvia troglodytes*.—(<sup>4</sup>) *Parus caudatus*, or LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.—(<sup>5</sup>) *Sylvia sutoria*, or TAILOR BIRD.—(<sup>6</sup>) *Hirundo esculenta*. The exterior of this bird's nest appears to be and most probably is *gelatine*.



The *Oriolina's penduline* <sup>(1)</sup> who dares  
 To imitate. Of *Magpie's* <sup>(2)</sup> citadel,  
 Coarse, yet effective—of the muddy walls  
 Of *Martins* <sup>(3)</sup>—the white, delicate, moss dome  
 Of *Conirost* <sup>(4)</sup>—the *Goldfinch* <sup>(5)</sup>—who presumes  
 His clumsy imitations to produce?  
 Who may the chinking *Chaffinch's* <sup>(6)</sup> e'er shape;  
 Or who a pattern of the nest shall bring  
 Of warbling *Thrush*, <sup>(7)</sup> of every glade and grove  
 A tenant; who shall form the stuccoed walls?  
 Inimitable these, and myriads more,  
 Which wonder oft beholds, and reason mute  
 Concludes design and wisdom in them all.

Thus, having caught of birds a rapid glance—  
 Their Songs, their Habits, Structure, and their Nests,  
 Of PLEASURES contemplation *here* affords—  
 Now think YE that those PRINCES of the AIR,  
 The warblers of the valley and the wood,  
 Only for MAN created; think YE they  
 Are HIS *without conditions*—for his sport—  
 His *riot—inhumanity*—that they

<sup>(1)</sup> *Oriolus nidipendulus* and some others of the *Oriole* tribe.—  
<sup>(2)</sup> *Corvus pica*.—<sup>(3)</sup> *Hirundo urbica*.—<sup>(4)</sup> *Conirost*, a bird with a  
*conic* bill.—<sup>(5)</sup> *Fringilla carduelis*.—<sup>(6)</sup> The CHAFFINCH, *Fringilla*  
*cælebs*, is strikingly distinguished by its notes “chink, chink,”  
 which it often utters.—<sup>(7)</sup> *Turdus musicus*, or SONG THRUSH.

For a more minute account of the Nests of Birds, see *Orni-*  
*thologia, passim*, but chiefly the *Introduction*.



Have not a world of happiness their own—  
Of Sympathies, of Hopes, of Pleasures, Fears,  
Maugre man's intervention ; that for *him*  
They skim the valley, sweep the wavy main,  
Or on her bosom buoyantly preside ;  
For *him*, and only *him*, the *Merulid*  
Awakes the morning with his song ; for *him*  
The *Corvid* caws ; for *him* *Luscinia's* voice,  
At midnight heard in all its melody,  
What time the amber clouds o'er ether sail,  
And moon and stars, and all the planet train,  
Bedeck the deep cerulean ? Think YE now  
It only wakes for MAN ?—That all the sounds  
Of birds in wood, in valley, forest, glade,  
The plain, the desert, and the mighty sea,  
On rock remote, on mountain where hath trod  
Never a human footstep,—are for *man*  
There utter'd,—HIS high pleasure—MAN alone ?  
Still blind to Nature's harmony and truth—  
Her grand sublimities that ever mock  
The puerile attempts of labouring Art—  
The puny efforts of the creature man.  
Still arrogant persuaders ! that to YOU,  
Whatever be your fiat—good or ill,  
They all must bend ?

                                    Your patience yet awhile  
I must invoke ; and oh, that I might win



You unto wisdom—to her pleasant paths  
Of quiet, peace ; and to that purer cause  
Which *Gentleness* and *Feeling* advocate ;  
To that HUMANITY which breathes aloud  
One universal wish of happiness—  
Of love for all creation animate—  
To pleasure's pure and unpolluted stream,  
Deep, noiseless, flowing, and for ever clear ;  
Whose waters, whoso drinks, exhilarate  
Without intoxication, and impart  
Vigour to gentleness, to virtue strength :  
Then should a voice be heard to ask, to pray,

Oh ! let no more, *in sport*, your footsteps haste  
To death ; train YE no more sagacious dogs  
To scent the couching covey, while you point  
The fatal tube ; but, should imperious WANT,  
A tyrant ever, and will be obey'd,  
Or rude annoyance e'er your peace invade,  
Then only are you justified to ask—  
Demand their sacrifice ;—oh ! let it be  
Swift as the lightning's shaft, a struggle, sigh,  
And silence !

Cease thou *Song of Pleasantness* !  
Be still my harp's vibrations ! Ye have told,  
Guided by Truth and Nature's gentle hand—  
By warm Benevolence o'er all supreme—



The minstrelsies of birds, their pleasures, fears ;  
What, too, on fancy fell in earlier days—  
What in mature, 'mid many lovely paths—  
'Mid woodland scenes—'mid meadows—amid birds.  
O Reminiscences of youth ! Ye charm  
The years of manhood, soothe the aches of age ;  
Your pencil paints the *pleasures* of the past  
In liveliest hues, while many a rueful *pain*  
Ye darken o'er with shade ; nor shall the BIRDS,  
That rise again like shadows o'er the scene,  
Yet vivid as the Spring—as spring-time fair,  
Be e'er forgotten ; nor, Ye *warbling train* !  
While live the woods, the mountains, and the vales,—  
While spring shall smile, and summer breezes fan,—  
Shall pleasures cease your melodies to fill ;  
Nor, while with life his sanguine current beats,  
Shall e'er your MINSTREL cease to love your SONGS.

What though much more of BIRDS remains unsung  
Of interest and of pleasure ; yet a voice,  
Whom now I may not dare to disobey,  
Commands the song to cease. Thee, gentle Friend !  
Harp of my lonely dwelling ! I resign,  
Reluctant still to quit thy trembling strings.  
Simple, in sooth, the humble instrument,  
Shap'd in the cottage, far in moorland wild,  
Where birds are free to warble and rejoice.



Yet how delighted have I touch'd its strings  
In solitude, a sweet companion ! YE,  
Even YE, as through the wild and devious path  
Or woodland glade I led you, when the sun  
Rode high, or night her shadows threw around,  
Have not, I trust, heard its wild tones in vain !

And though my moral lesson might not win  
You from pursuits the muse must ever deem  
Beneath your dignity—beneath your fame—  
Pursuits that must detract from happiness  
Even of yourselves, yet ever shall my thanks  
For your kind audience flow ; and when apart,  
From boisterous pleasure loos'd, YE lonely muse,  
YE commune with your souls, perchance some  
thoughts,

Excited by my humble lays, shall rise,  
Expand and blossom, and produce their fruit.  
O tend their growth with care, and spread abroad  
The seed afar, o'er land, o'er distant sea,  
Till thou, BENEVOLENCE! throughout the world  
Art dominant.

One strain, one choral strain  
To THEE, the Guide and Goddess of his song,  
As Truth immortal, and as love benign ;  
The solace of the lowly and the good—



The tamer of the fierce—of sympathy  
The nurse ; to THEE his last, his closing strain  
The minstrel offers. Hallow'd be thy name,  
Thy footsteps, dwelling midst the Sons of Men !  
What though the winds shall whistle o'er the sod  
Where sleeps the bard ; what though no sculptur'd  
tomb  
His name proclaim ; what though perchance that *name*  
Shall perish on the earth ; yet shall the THOUGHT,  
Prompted by THEE, and USEFULNESS and TRUTH,  
By highest aim — the *Happiness of all*—  
For EVER live ; excite Earth's future sons  
To soar beyond her trifles and her toys ;  
The strife which tears, the wrath which wounds the soul ;  
While HOPE, prophetic of a *Future Time*—  
When streams of Knowledge, from perennial *springs*,  
Shall widely o'erflow and fructify the earth,  
And plenteous harvests Happiness create—  
Proclaims, BENEVOLENCE *shall rule the World !*

Approach Ye promis'd days ! be swift your steps,  
To bring such everlasting blessings ! those which erst,  
Have PROPHETS, and have SAGES, too, foretold ;  
When, like the *Halcyon's* <sup>(1)</sup> brooding on the sea,  
To peace and happiness shall all be soothed ;  
When man no more against his brother man

(<sup>1</sup>) *Alcedo ispida*, or KING-FISHER. See ORNITHOLOGIA,  
page 171.



Shall lift the axe of vengeance ; when nor clime  
Nor creed shall sever ; nor ambition mock  
That holy, moderate, essential toil  
For nourishment, for health in due degree  
To all apportion'd ; when UNITED MIND—  
*One Family of Love—one will—one wish*  
*To be and to make happy*, shall the earth,  
Midst meet vicissitude, most pleasant change,  
Pervade, encircle, as the ambient air,  
Bland, universal, vital, and benign<sup>(1)</sup>.

(<sup>1</sup>) The author cannot resist the temptation which half a page offers him to observe, in conclusion, on this interesting subject, that the possibility of *all* mankind living in mutual harmony is not perhaps so difficult, nor the period so remote in which it may be accomplished as, to ordinary apprehension, it usually appears. If it be possible to train not only *cats* and *mice*, but *owls*, *hawks*, *pigeons*, and many other birds, and an *et cætera* of other animated beings, to live together in mutual harmony, without disturbing one another in their various enjoyments; and, that it is possible, a large cage containing the living evidences of such possibility is often to be seen on some of the bridges of the metropolis, accompanied by the ingenious owner and trainer of the animals; surely, if this be possible, MAN, the most intelligent of animated beings, may be ultimately brought to perceive that his true interest, his best happiness, lies in offices of benevolence and mutual goodwill—whatever his clime, whatever his creed. The name of the owner of the animals above mentioned is JOHN AUSTIN, and he resides near the Coburg Theatre: he deserves honourable mention.



## THE REDWING'S SONG.

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*Turdus Iliacus.*—LINNÆUS.

*Le cantique de mes soupirs.*—J. RACINE.

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A love there is, surpassing love,  
It is of purest kind,  
And lives—for ever lives—to time  
It may not be confined.

To cold distrust—indifference cold  
It never—never yields;—  
No wintry blasts can ever blight  
The blossom in its fields.

Nor Fortune! fickle as thou art,  
Can thy severest frown  
The ardours of that love abate—  
A moment cast them down.

When want appears with poverty,  
When hollow Friends forsake,  
That love around its *kindred* heart  
A closer twine will take.



**PLEASURES OF ORNITHOLOGY.**

When to the couch hath pale Disease  
Her suffering victim led,  
That love shall lend its ministry  
And raise the drooping head.

When death shall threaten, or shall smite  
That love shall ever stand  
Eager to lessen, if it might,  
His heaviness of hand.

Such love the lapse of years endures,  
Intense becomes by age ;  
As well the peasant suits as prince,  
Philosopher or sage.

That love is thine, beloved one !  
Affection's darling child;  
And O may time yet realise  
Thy warmest visions wild.

**THE END.**